



# VALOR



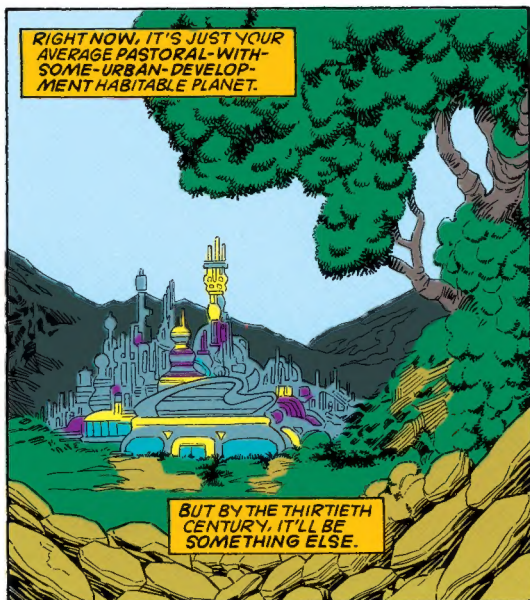
BY WAID,  
DORAN &  
COOPER



THE PLANET SHARETH.



RIGHT NOW, IT'S JUST YOUR  
AVERAGE PASTORAL-WITH-  
SOME-URBAN-DEVELOP-  
MENT HABITABLE PLANET.



BUT BY THE THIRTIETH  
CENTURY, IT'LL BE  
SOMETHING ELSE.

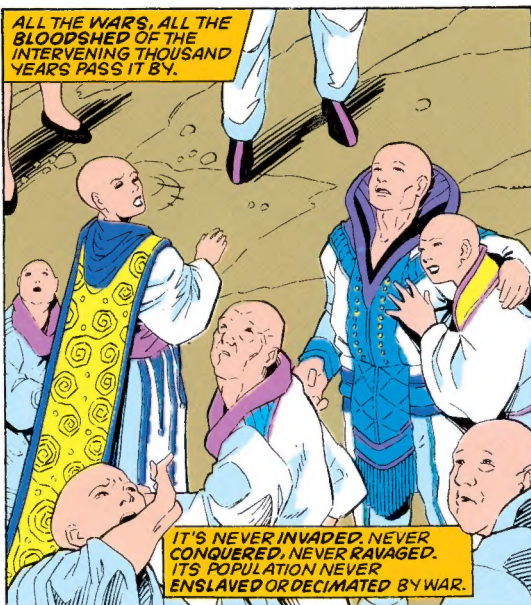
A TRADE CENTER.  
A DESTINATION  
RESORT. HOME  
TO ONE OF THE  
MOST PRESTIGIOUS  
UNIVERSITIES.



AND HOW DO THESE  
WONDERS COME  
ABOUT?



ALL THE WARS, ALL THE  
BLOODSHED OF THE  
INTERVENING THOUSAND  
YEARS PASS IT BY.



IT'S NEVER INVADED, NEVER  
CONQUERED, NEVER RAVAGED.  
ITS POPULATION NEVER  
ENSLAVED OR DECIMATED BY WAR.



NOT ONCE.

PEOPLE OF  
SHARETH!

WE HAVE CHOSEN  
YOUR PLANET TO  
REPLACE OUR  
LOST HOME!

CHALLENGE US!  
BREAK YOURSELVES  
AGAINST US! PROVE  
TO YOURSELVES  
THAT WE CANNOT  
BE DEFEATED!

I AM KRINN  
MAGAR, WAR-LEADER  
OF THE NEW SHARETH!  
BOW DOWN TO YOUR  
NEW RULERS--

--OR DIE  
WHERE YOU  
STAND!

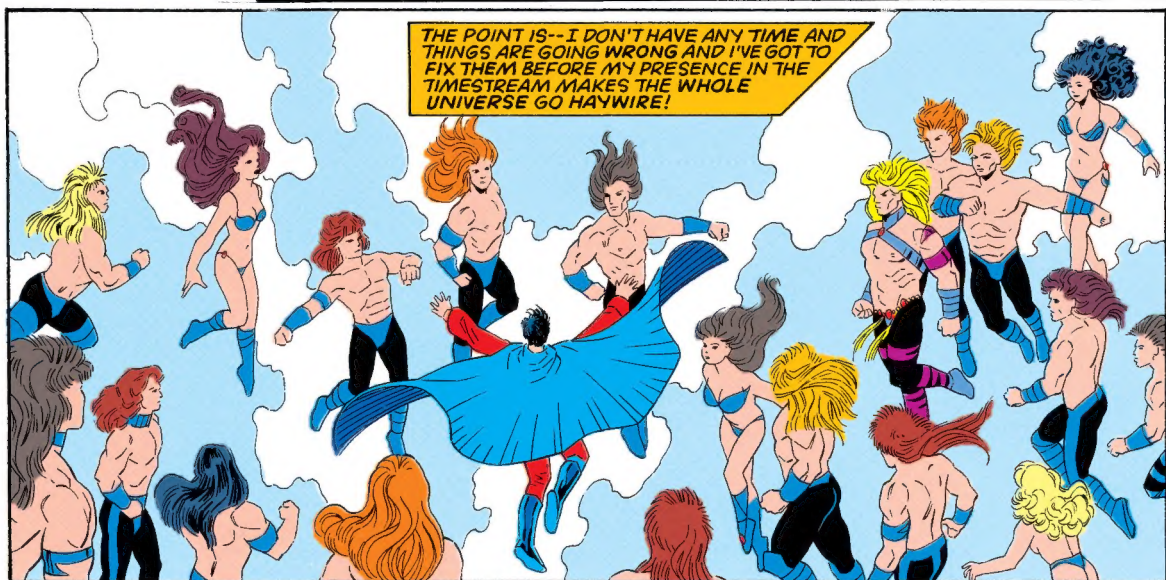
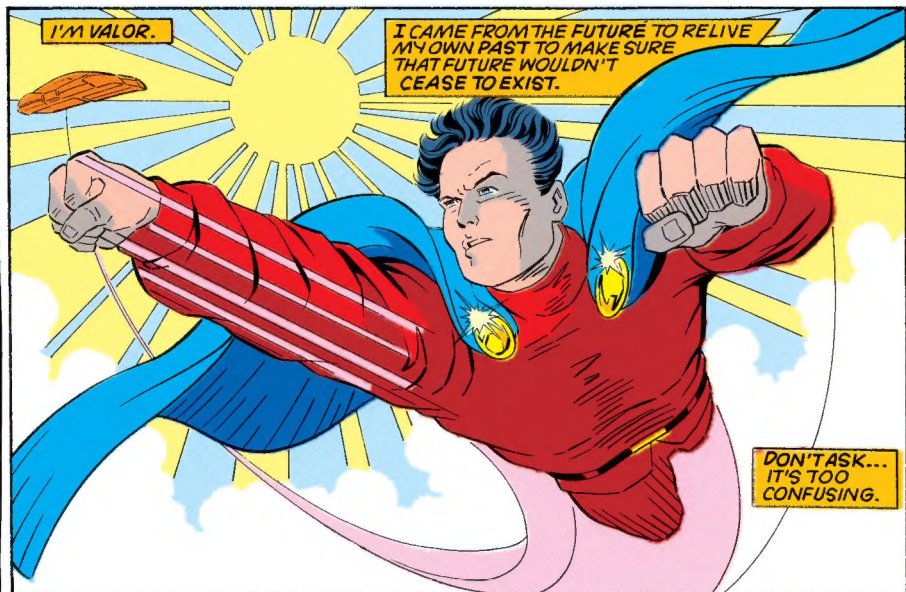
# SUDDEN DEATH OVERTIME

PART TWO:

## TWO-MINUTE WARNING

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(SPECIAL THANKS TO MARK WAID, WITHOUT WHOM)







THESE GUYS BEAT ME BUT GOOD  
A FEW HOURS BACK, BUT I FIGURE  
I'VE GOT THEM COLD NOW.

THE CHALLENGE  
OF KORR!

THE CHALLENGE  
OF KORR!

COSMIC BOY'S TOLD ME THESE GUYS--  
HIS ANCESTORS-- WERE VERY, VERY  
SERIOUS ABOUT BEING LED BY THE  
BEST WARRIOR--

--AND THERE'S  
NO WAY HE CAN  
TAKE ME ONE-  
ON-ONE.

VERY WELL,  
STRIPLING--

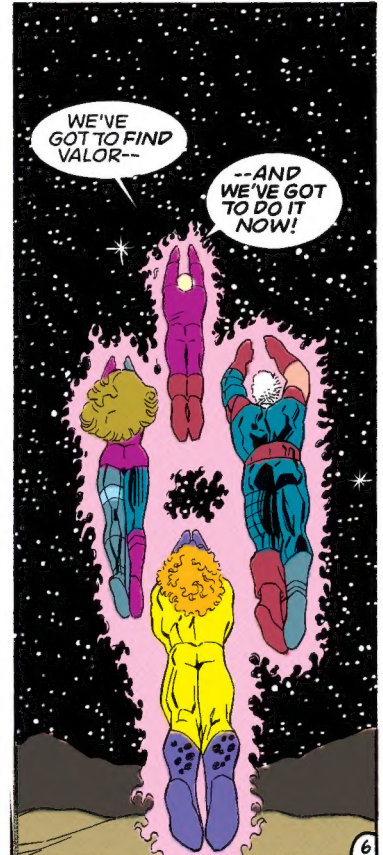
--I KNOW NOT WHY  
YOU CHOOSE TO CHALLENGE  
THE COMMAND TROIKA  
WITHOUT LIEUTENANTS  
OF YOUR OWN--

--BUT SO  
BE IT.

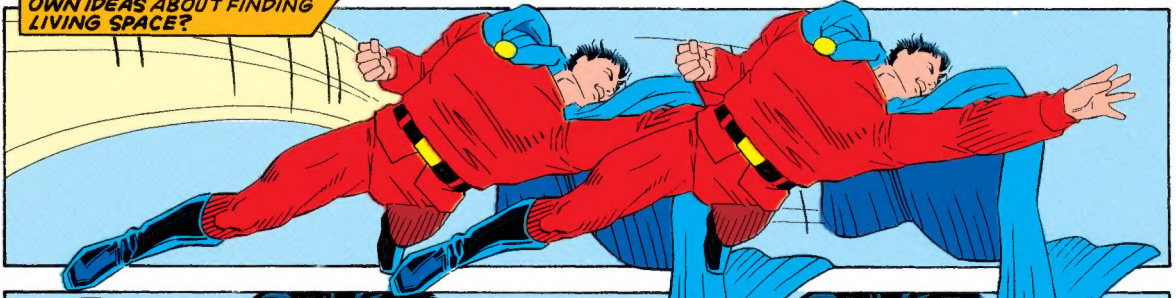
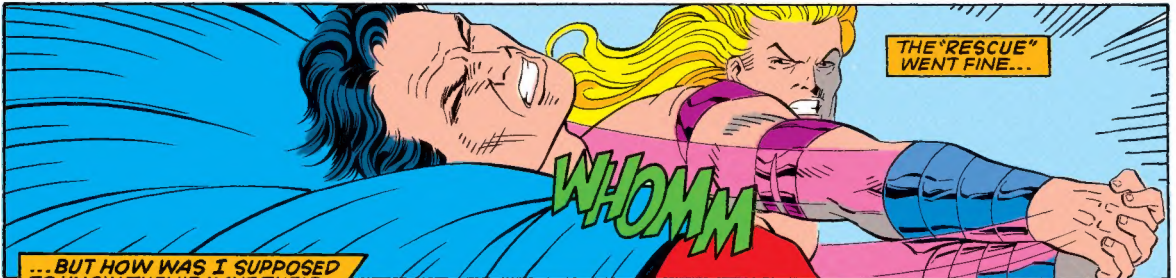
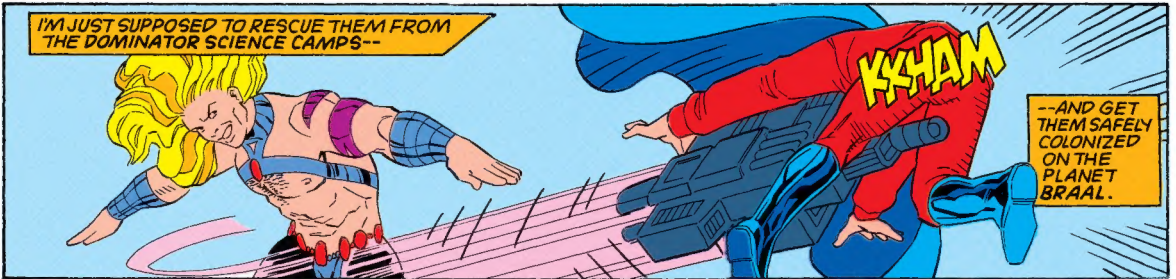
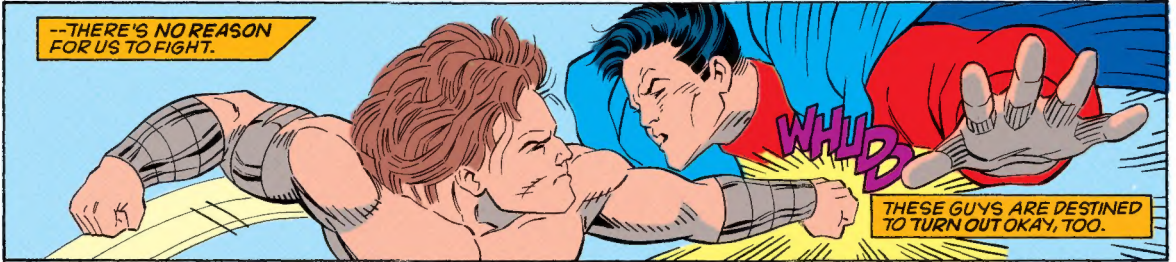
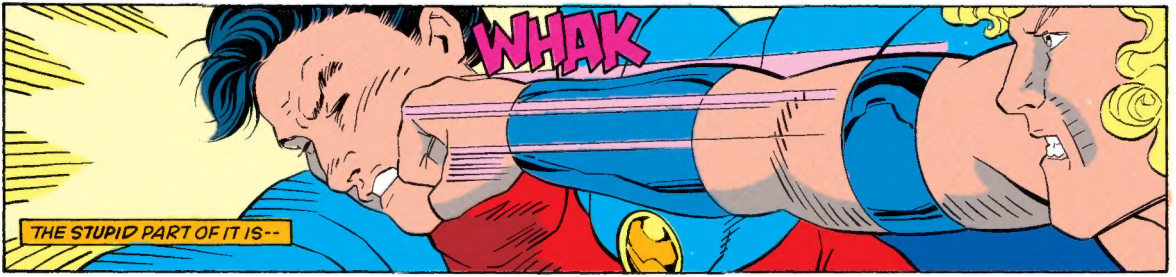
TROIKA?  
THREE  
OF THEM?

I KNEW I SHOULD  
HAVE PAID MORE  
ATTENTION TO  
COS'S STORIES...





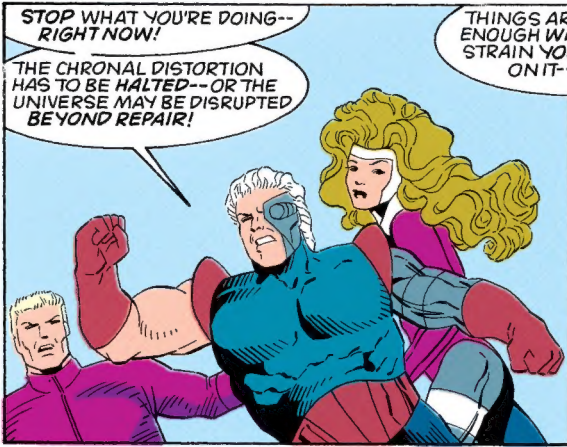
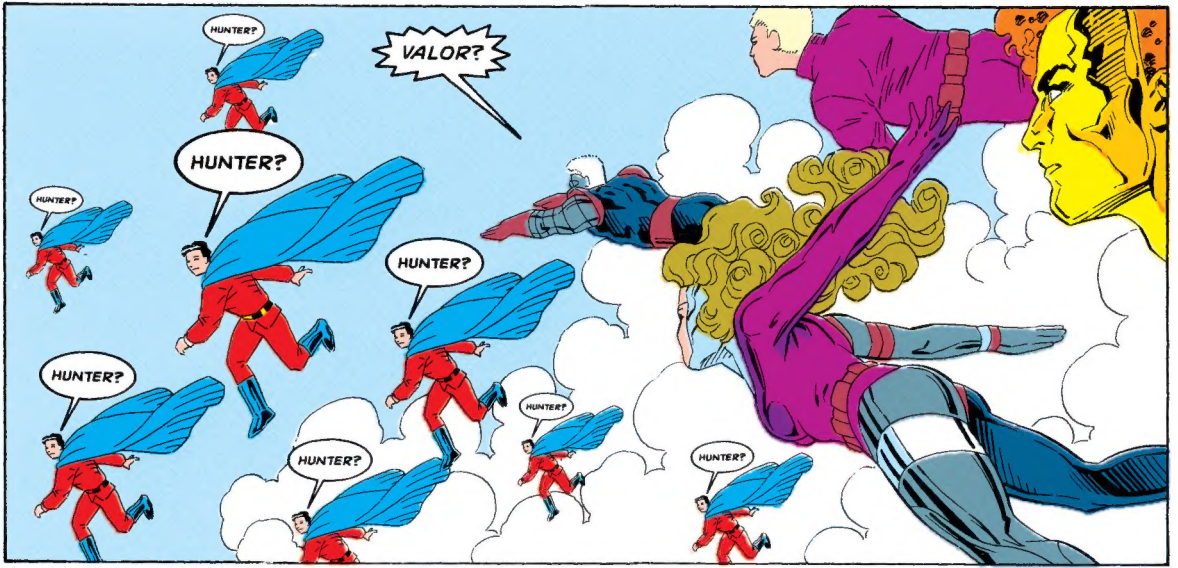




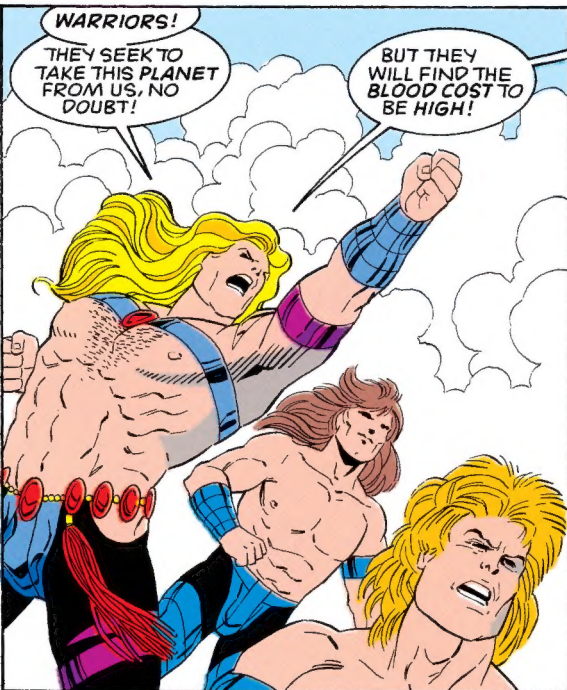




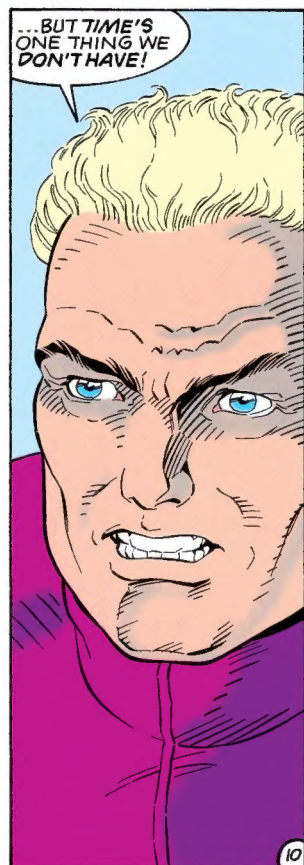
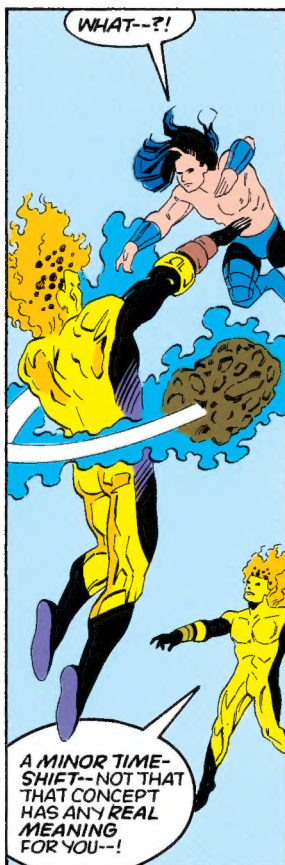
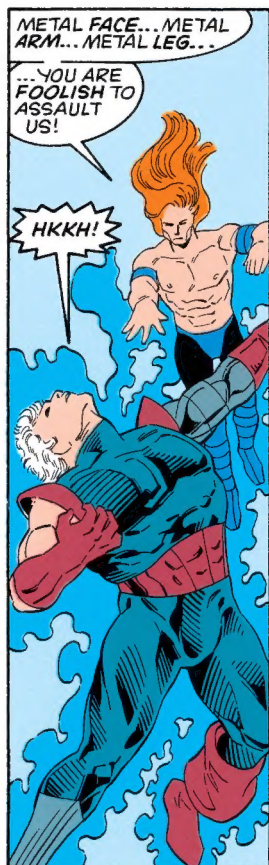




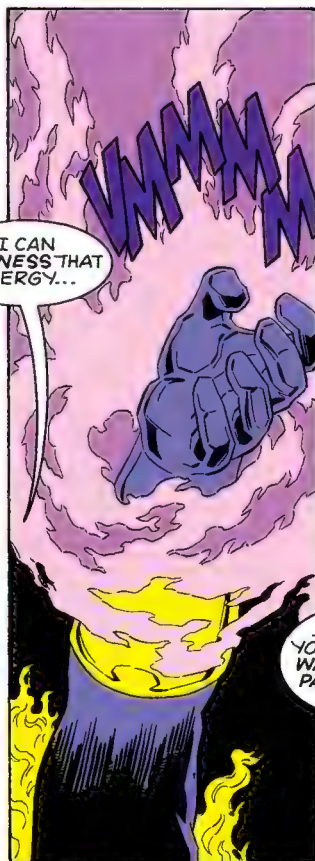
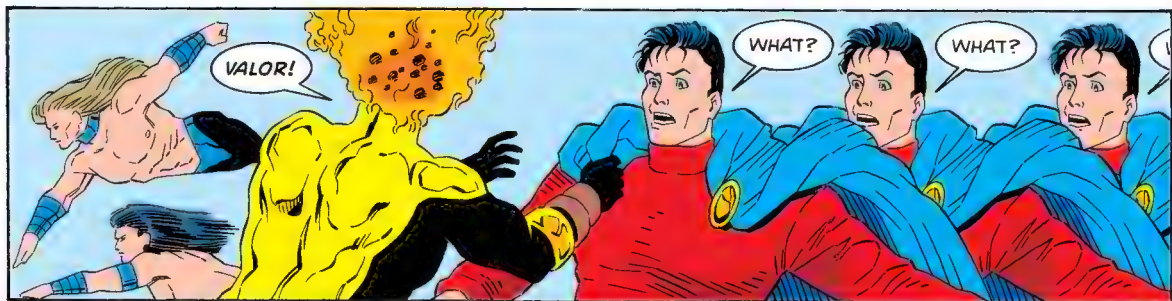
THINGS ARE CRITICAL  
ENOUGH WITHOUT THE  
STRAIN YOU'RE PUTTING  
ON IT--







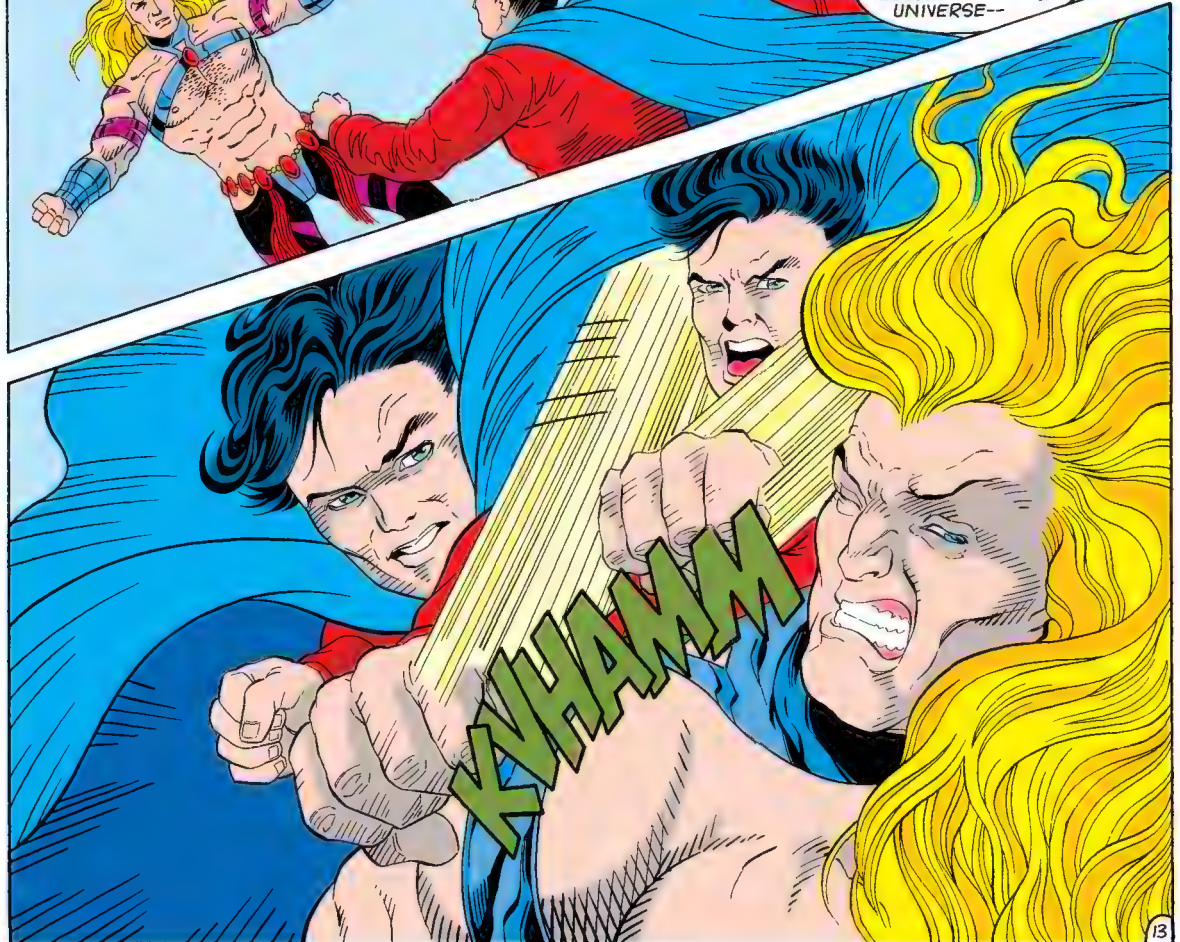
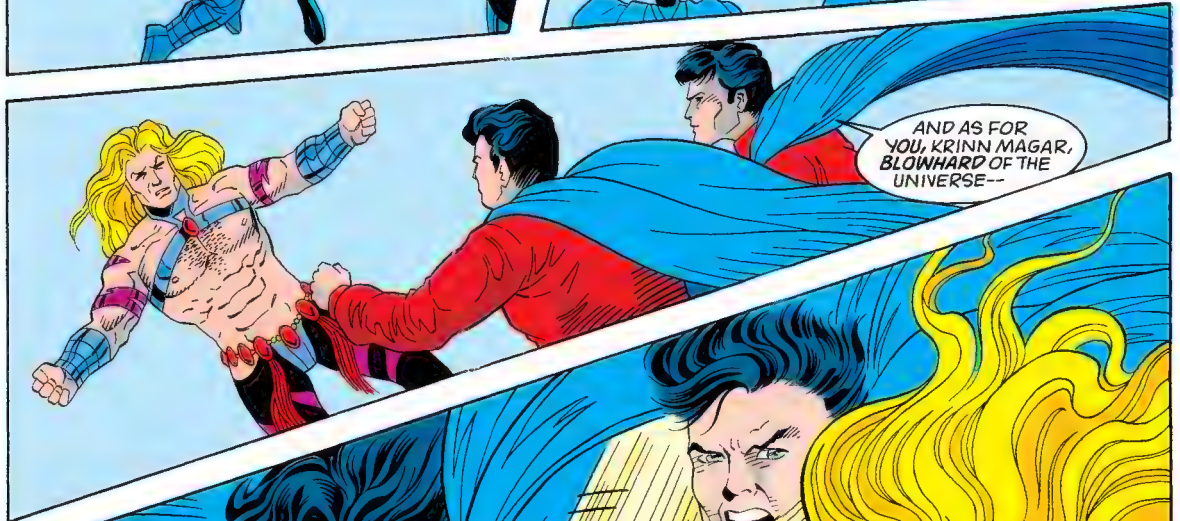




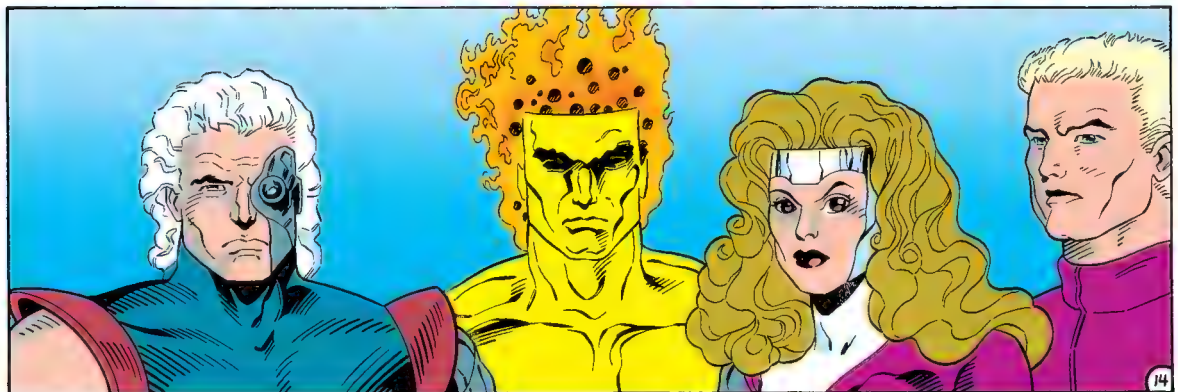
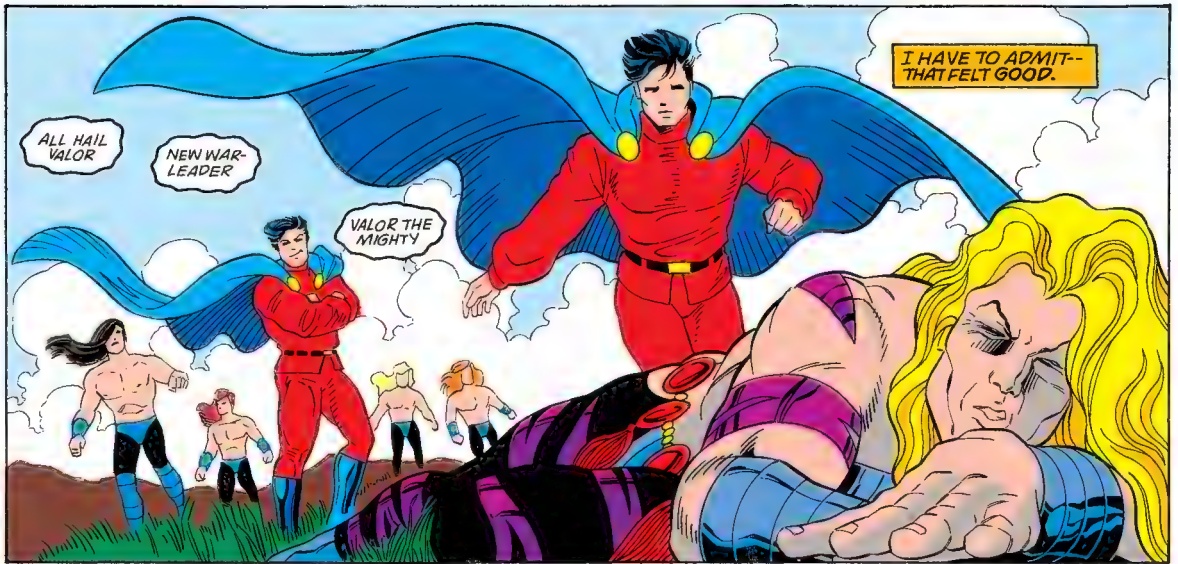










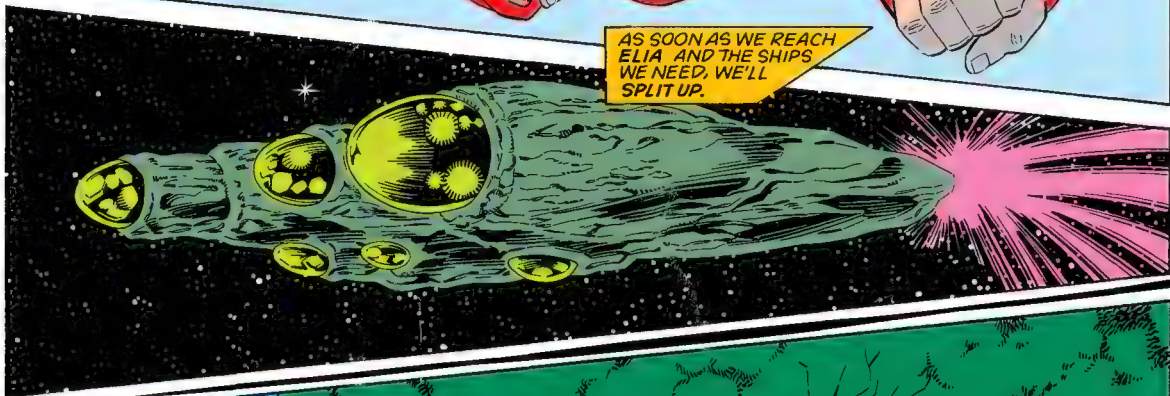






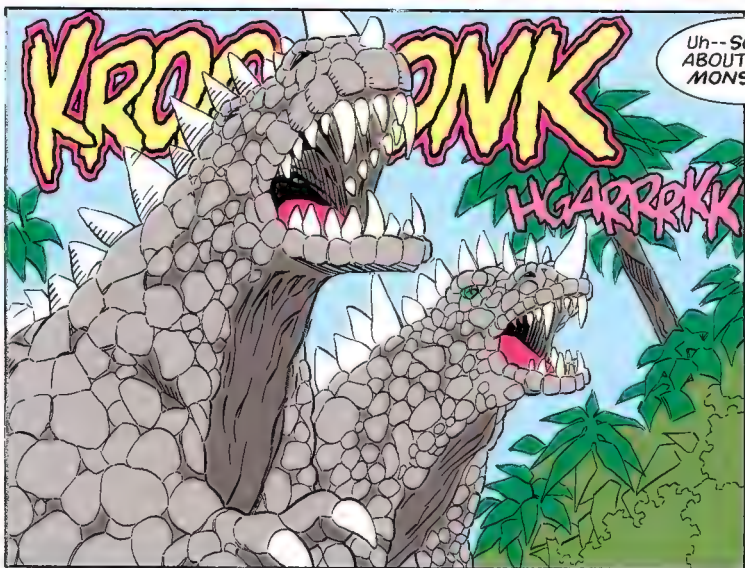
I--WE--HEAD OUT.

AS SOON AS WE REACH  
ELIA AND THE SHIPS  
WE NEED, WE'LL  
SPLIT UP.



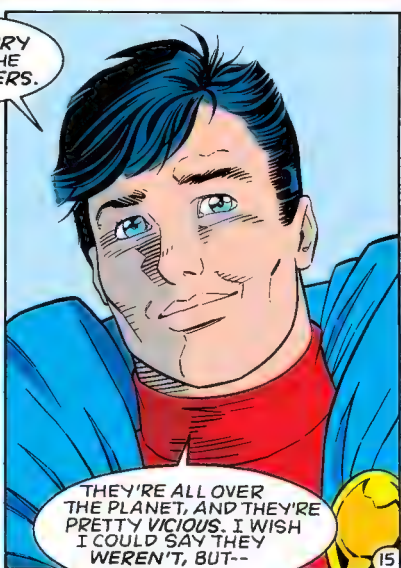
HERE  
IT IS.

WELCOME  
TO YOUR NEW  
HOME,  
FOLKS.



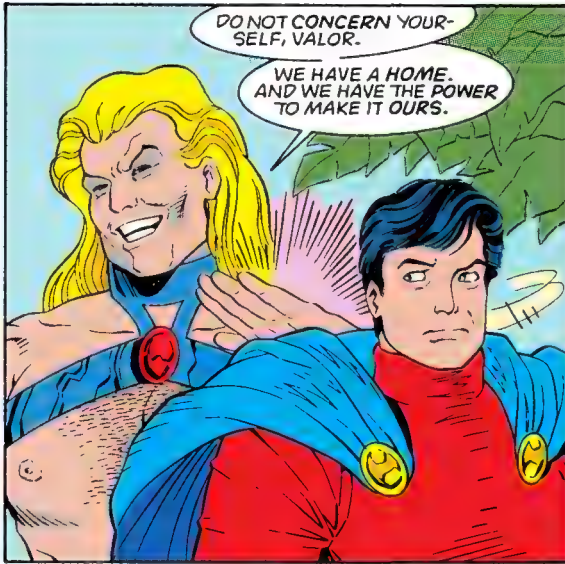
KROO PINK  
HGARRRKK

Uh-- SORRY  
ABOUT THE  
MONSTERS.



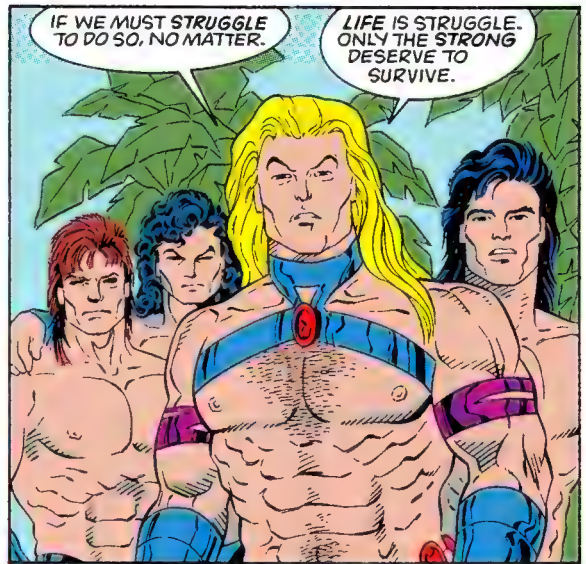
THEY'RE ALL OVER  
THE PLANET, AND THEY'RE  
PRETTY VICIOUS. I WISH  
I COULD SAY THEY  
WEREN'T, BUT--





DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF, VALOR.

WE HAVE A HOME.  
AND WE HAVE THE POWER  
TO MAKE IT OURS.



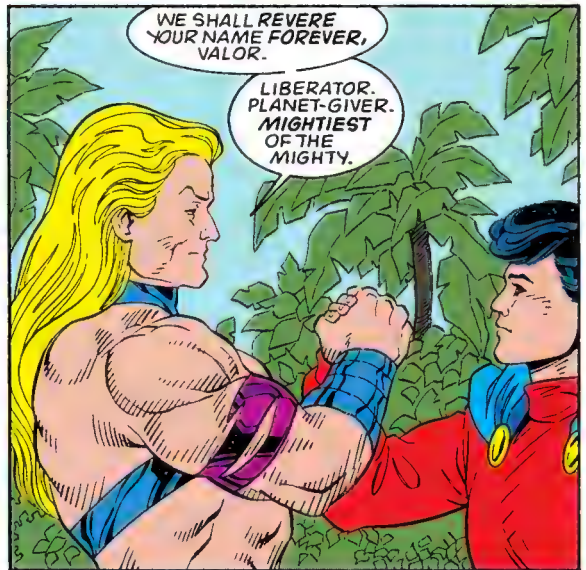
IF WE MUST STRUGGLE  
TO DO SO, NO MATTER.

LIFE IS STRUGGLE.  
ONLY THE STRONG  
DESERVE TO  
SURVIVE.



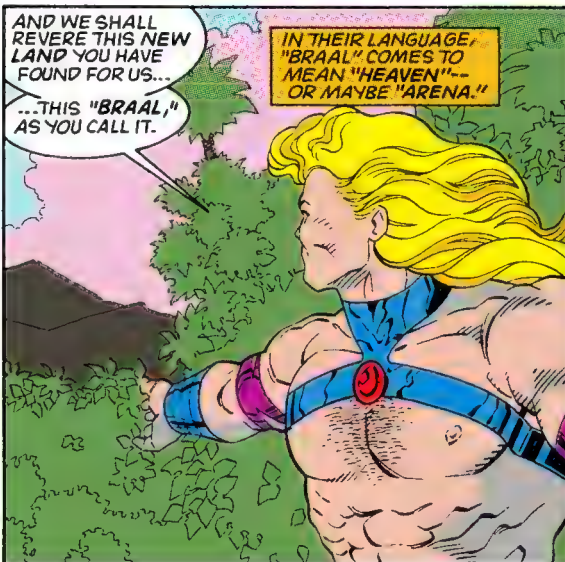
IT'S EXACTLY  
THAT KIND OF  
THINKING  
THAT'LL LEAD  
TO THE AGE  
OF INTER-  
STELLAR  
WARFARE  
THAT PRE-  
DATES THE  
LEGION'S  
TIME...

...BUT I GUESS  
WITHOUT IT,  
THEY WOULDN'T  
LAST A MONTH  
HERE.



WE SHALL REVERE  
YOUR NAME FOREVER,  
VALOR.

LIBERATOR.  
PLANET-GIVER.  
MIGHTIEST  
OF THE MIGHTY.



AND WE SHALL  
REVERE THIS NEW  
LAND YOU HAVE  
FOUND FOR US...

...THIS "BRAAL,"  
AS YOU CALL IT.

IN THEIR LANGUAGE,  
"BRAAL" COMES TO  
MEAN "HEAVEN"---  
OR MAYBE "ARENA."



GOOD LUCK TO  
YOU, KRINN.

I ALWAYS  
WONDERED  
WHY THE  
TWO  
MEANINGS  
WERE INTERCHANG-  
ABLE.

NOW I KNOW.



ELSEWHERE.

A LOT OF ELSEWHERES.

I PACK MONTHS OF  
WORK INTO LESS  
THAN A DAY.

GATHERING THE  
OTHER DOMINATOR  
EXPERIMENTEES--

--SEEDING THEM  
ON THEIR NEW  
WORLDS--

--WORLDS THAT  
WILL BECOME  
THE UNITED  
PLANETS--

--AS WELL AS THE  
BIRTHPLACES OF  
MANY LEGIONNAIRES.

AND THAT'S JUST  
THE START.

I ALSO HAVE TO MINDWIPE  
THE DOMINATOR COMPUTERS,  
DESTROYING THEIR  
GENETIC RESEARCH--

--EXILE THEIR SCIENTISTS  
TO THE ARAL REGION--

--AND TAKE THE DIAMOND  
CASTE--THE HUMANE  
DOMINATORS--TO THE  
NEWLY SETTLED WORLDS  
TO HELP TRAIN THE  
NEW RACES--







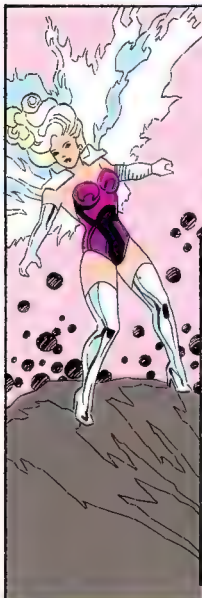


--AND THEN THERE'S JUST ONE MORE THING TO DO.

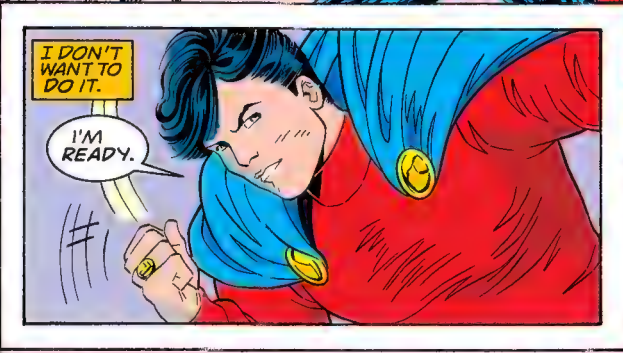
THE FINALE TO THE LEGEND OF VALOR.



I HAVE TO BE PROJECTED INTO THE TWILIGHT DIMENSION BY GLORITH, TO LANGUISH FOR A THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE I'M RESCUED.



I ALMOST WENT INSANE THE LAST TIME THROUGH.



I DON'T WANT TO DO IT.

I'M READY.



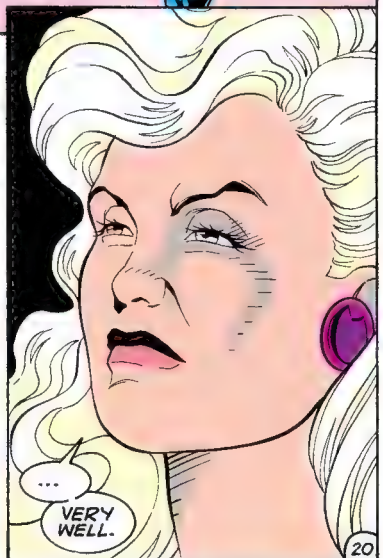
OH, VALOR.

MY SWEET, HANDSOME VALOR.



WE COULD HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TOGETHER.

JUST DO IT, LADY.

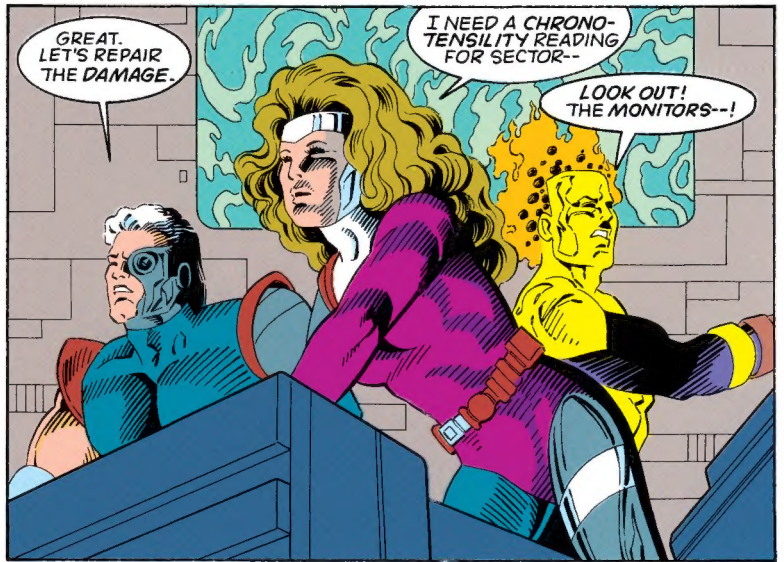
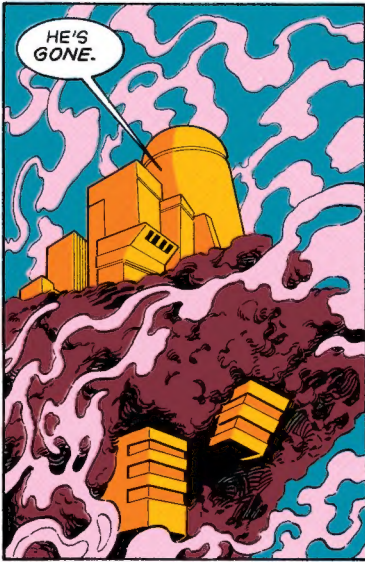


VERY WELL.





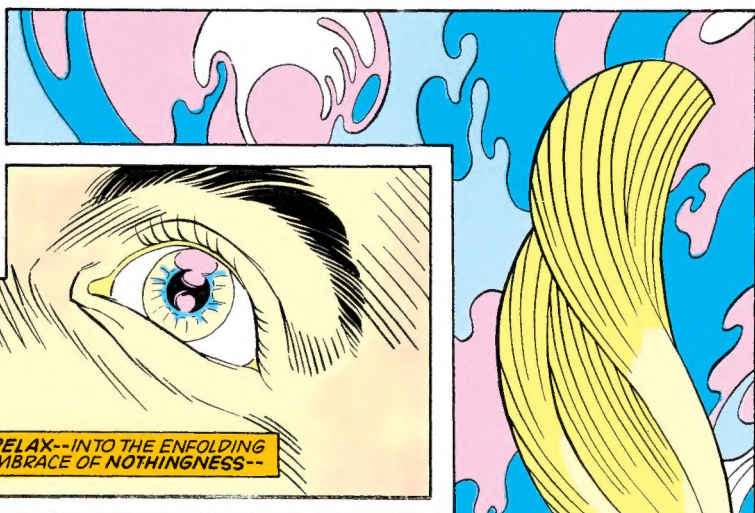








AND IT'S OVER.



I RELAX--INTO THE ENFOLDING  
EMBRACE OF NOTHINGNESS--

--AND I'M AT PEACE.

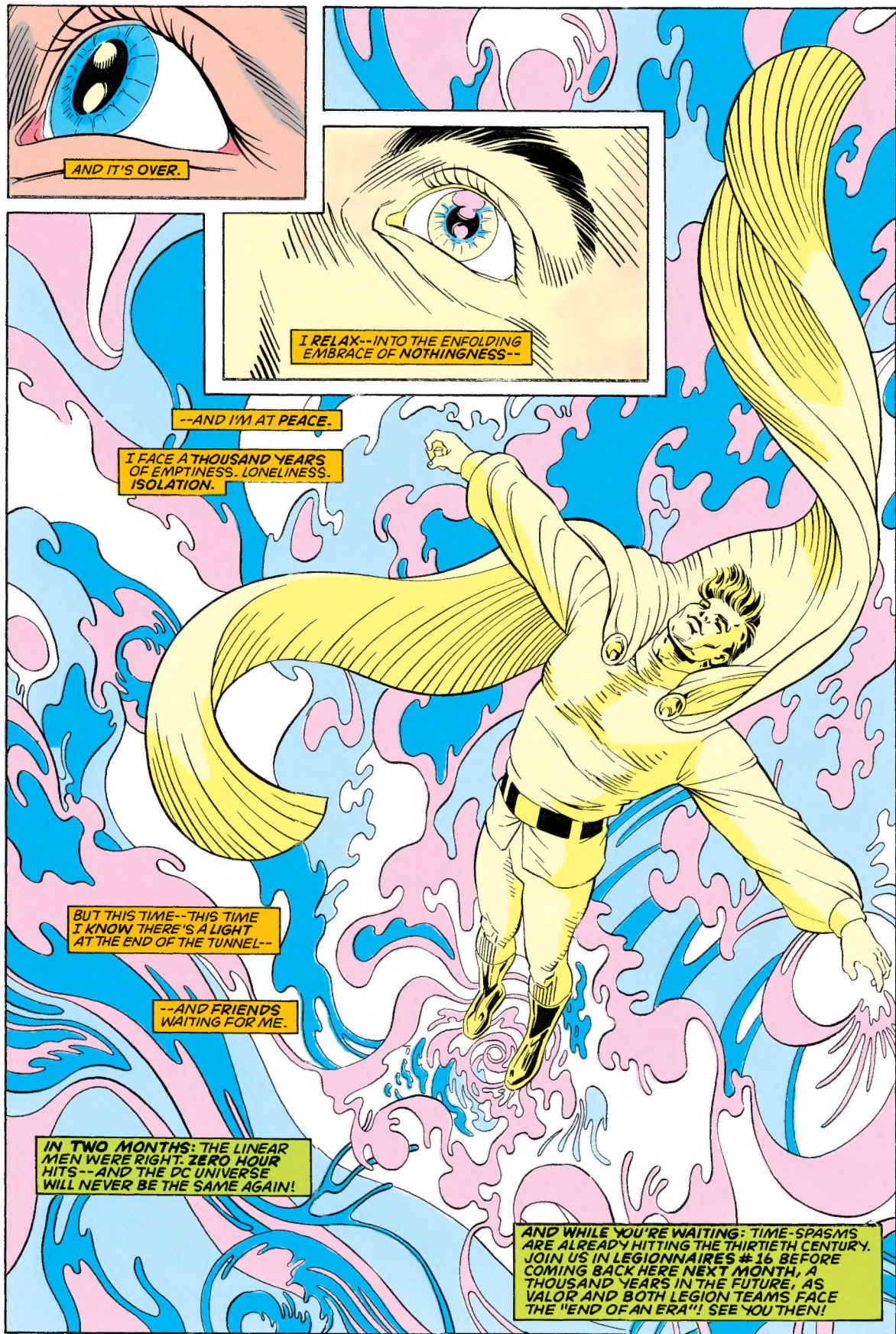
I FACE A THOUSAND YEARS  
OF EMPTINESS. LONELINESS.  
ISOLATION.

BUT THIS TIME--THIS TIME  
I KNOW THERE'S A LIGHT  
AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL--

--AND FRIENDS  
WAITING FOR ME.

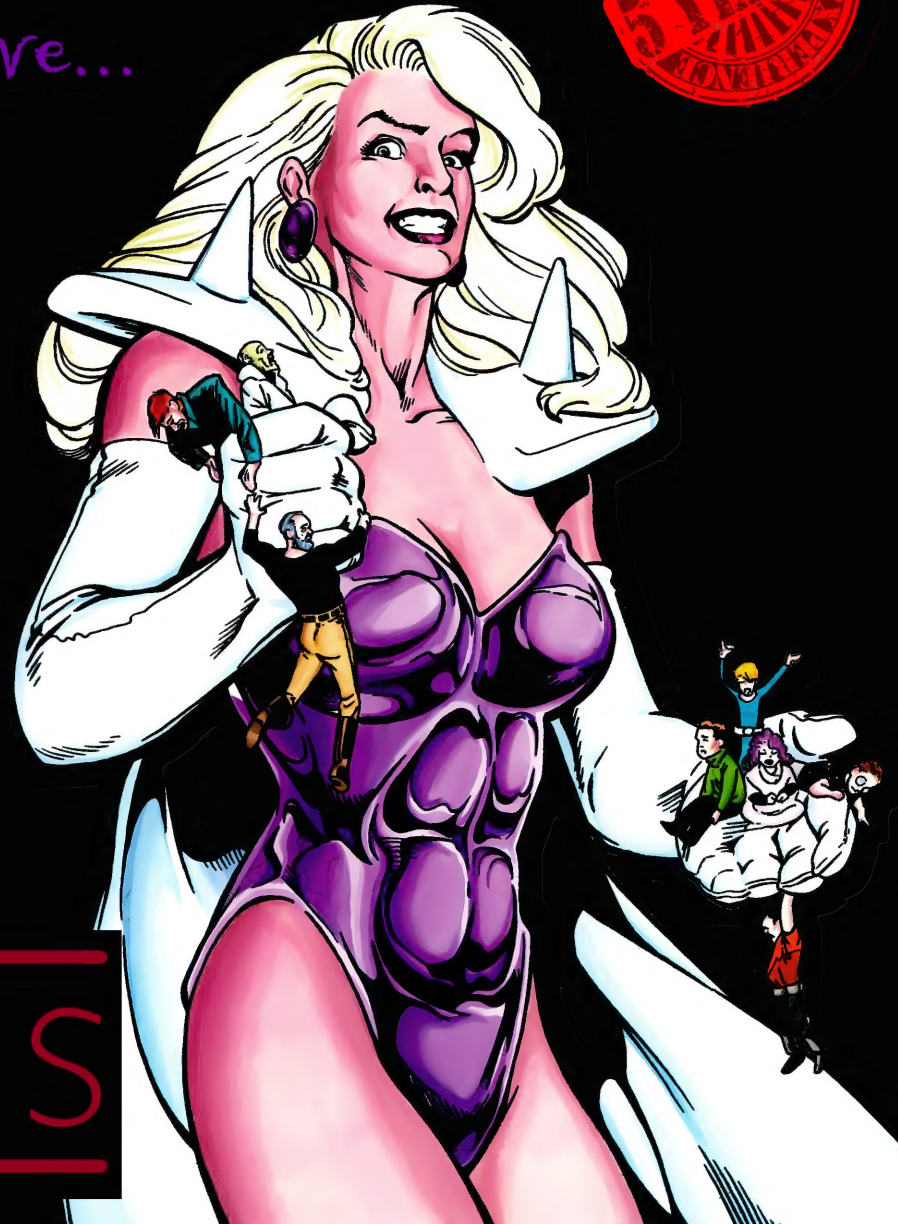
IN TWO MONTHS: THE LINEAR  
MEN WERE RIGHT: ZERO HOUR  
HITS--AND THE DC UNIVERSE  
WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

AND WHILE YOU'RE WAITING: TIME-SPASMS  
ARE ALREADY HITTING THE THIRTIETH CENTURY.  
JOIN US IN LEGIONNAIRES #16 BEFORE  
COMING BACK HERE NEXT MONTH, A  
THOUSAND YEARS IN THE FUTURE, AS  
VALOR AND BOTH LEGION TEAMS FACE  
THE "END OF AN ERA"! SEE YOU THEN!





*From Baaldur, with love...*



GLORITH

NOVUS